CTORIA CATARACT

IS ONE OF THE NOTABLE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

ere Is No Other Falls on Earth ast Like It, and There Is No Possibility of Comparison Between It nd Our Own Niagara.

t was on the 22d of November, 1855, t the friendly natives with whom he s traveling brought Dr. David Livgstone for the first time within sight d sound of the wonderful cataract the Zambezi river, now known as Victoria falls. Before finding it, e good missionary had journeyed for arly two years, and from his point departure at Kuruman, in Cape Colny, had traversed quite 4,000 miles of thero unknown country.

Today one takes the train at Cape own on Wednesday, passes through imberley on Thursday, reaches Bulunayo on Saturday, and late in the afternoon of Sunday begins to see in the stance the rising pillar of mist from e great cataract.

The natives call it "Mosi-oa-tuni," eaning "the roaring smoke." Twenty iles away the spray thrown back om the depths of the tremendous cavrn into which the river tumbles appears like a column of smoke rising om a burning village, and during the st mile of the railway journey the ar of the falling water becomes noticeable. Finally, when the edge of e chasm is reached, if the river is in ood, the eye and ear are assailed by combination of phenomena that probbly cannot be duplicated as marvels nywhere else on the planet.

The first question that is asked of an American who has seen this African wonder generally is, "How does it compare with Niagara?" There is no possibility of comparison. The two are as different as day and night. Niagara is a perfect picture in a lovely natural framework. Every point and line and curve of motionless rock, trembling verdure and gliding water is a touch of majestic beauty. Victoria is simply a phenomenon, a terrific gash in the floor of an apparently unending plain, which as one gazes simply swallows a river in a manner that produces almost a thrill of horror.

The Zambezi valley for a hundred miles or more in every direction from the cataract is a rough and broken plateau covered with low brush and stunted trees, with here and there an outcrop of somber basaltic rock, all thoroughly uninteresting. The herbage is but faintly green and the tropical sky only faintly blue. It is a hazy half tone landscape, wanting in clear cut lines in every direction and lacking, above everything else, that element we always unconsciously seek in a nature picture—life. The absence of this produces in the mind a feeling of loneliness and often of fear. Across this solemn scene appears a river that in flood time is perhaps half a mile wide. If a deaf man were following down one of its banks he would notice little but the quiet water and the odd looking column of smoke ahead. As this column was approached he would expect to see the river banks bending and the water flowing away to one side of the conflagration and might glance to the right and left to note the direction taken. But the panorama changes as he gazes. The river is no more, and there, where it should be, is only the brown plain, as lonely, brush covered and monotonous as ever. One must go twenty miles farther before the vanished water and the surface of the land again commingle, before it will be possible to walk along the bank in company with the river. So sudden is the transformation.

Meantime the pillar of smoke has resolved itself into a dense mist forced upward in terrible puffs from a yawning gash stretching directly across the bed of the river. This fearful abyss is every second swallowing thousands of tons of green and white water and belching up blasts of mist that rise hundreds of feet into the air and hurry away with the winds as if rejoicing at their escape from the inferno below. And somewhere, nearly 400 feet below, the entrapped river is fighting its way between sheer walls of black rock toward a narrow cleft in the eastern wall, whence it escapes, foaming and boiling, through the zigzags and curves of a deep gorge leading off to the eastward. One goes to an edge of this delivering chasm and looks down upon the tossing waters, ever pressed from behind by other floods struggling out of the narrow black gateway, and perhaps the most prominent mental sensation is that of thankfulness that even in such a grim and ghastly way nature has provided a means by which the fearful slit of a throat above that has swallowed the stream can disgorge it again without causing an overwhelming catastrophe. The Victoria cataract should be visited at least twice before one is competent to pass an opinion upon it. When the river is in flood (July) the scene is simply terrible. One sees nothing but an enormous sheet of water disappearing into the bowels of the earth with a noise as of mountains falling upon one another, while from the awful gash comes back in fierce gusts and swirls the foaming breath of the tortured element below. But in December, when the water is low, the edge of the cataract shows as a long, creamy film of lovely lace; the rising mist flows softly away through the little rain forest below the cavern's lips; the gigantic vault itself becomes a wonderful spectacle, a dream of neutral tints, a cave of beauty. Far down in its dark depths the waters, gliding along the rocky walls and bending gracefully around the corners toward the narrow outlet pass gayly and laughingly to freedom. For a time the demon of the cataract is sleeping.—Theodore F. Van Wagenen in Century.

STUDYING LAW.

The Lawyer's Office Not What It Once Was For Students.

Questions regarding the study of law were sent out recently to many lawyers of Illinois by the University of Illinois and elicited 1,000 replies. From these it appears that the days of studying law in a lawyer's office have passed away. Very few of the offices have any law students at all. Many of the ablest lawyers expressed the opinion that study in a law office is an absolute waste of energy. Nearly all the successful law firms declared that they had no time to devote to young men who desired to study law and that such young men were a nuisance in the office. The only young man they could use at all was one who had already passed his examination for the state bar and who was willing to work for nothing for a year or two in order to get the experience which comes from a large office. Out of the 1,000 replies only seven favored preparation for the bar in a lawyer's office.

Another striking result of this investigation is found in the answers to the questions as to the proper degree of preliminary education a student should have before entering the law school. A majority of the whole number urged that every one taking up the study of the law should complete a full college course. Of the others a majority were in favor of at least two years in college. There was a practical unanimity that the completion of a four years' high school course was the absolute minimum which was at all acceptable.

It was the general opinion that, having once entered the law school, the young man should give his entire time to the work of the school and not attempt to combine it with work in a lawyer's office or, indeed, work in any other place unless that was absolutely necessary to pay expenses. One lawyer declared that it was a poor school that could not keep a student busy all the time, and if a boy found himself in such a school he ought to leave it for one which could keep him busy.—Chicago News.

PITH AND POINT.

A child is always surprised that you don't know the washerwoman at its house.

When you throw a friend a bouquet, don't throw it so he will catch the thorns in his hands.

Hope is a progressive game. One's children failing to become famous, the hope progresses to the grandchildren.

It is easy for a woman to be polite: all she has to do is to smile, but a man has to smile and raise his hat.

Worrying about the future is believing there will be ghosts tomorrow, though you know there are none today.

Parents are hard on their children when the children are young, and when when the parents are old the children are hard on the parents.—Atchison Globe.

The Theological Labyrinth.

Stephen Essex, a Methodist minister, is the hero in "The Bishop's Niece." His state of mind after his early wanderings in the theological labyrinth is thus described by the author, George H. Picard:

At twenty-seven Stephen Essex had not made a perfect recovery from the panic into which a premature discovery of the plan of salvation had thrown him. He had employed the remedies which are prescribed to heal our common moral illnesses, but their abundance and variety as well as his disposition to leave none untasted had retarded his convalescence. His present condition was that of one who, though realizing that he has halted, almost miraculously, just inside the end of opportunity, is still fearful of doing something which will undo everything.

Knox and Scotland.

Scotland owes to Knox not its existing Presbyterian government—this was the subsequent work of Andrew Melville—but that which is the chief feature and main strength of Presbyterianism—viz, the full recognition (lacking in Episcopacy) of the Christian laity in the administration of the church, combined with that orderly subornation (which Congregationalism fails to secure) of the whole church to one representative and supreme authority. It is owing to Knox and his fellow reformers that the Scottish church avoids the danger both of hierarchy and of anarchy.—"John Knox," by Professor Henry Cowan.

Most people would rather preach half a day than practice half an hour.—Montreal Star.

SERMON REPORTERS.

In English Churches They Are Only Admitted on Sufferance.

Some one who evidently speaks from knowledge writes in the Homiletic Review of "The Experiences of a Sermon Reporter." His remarks on the different rules in English and American newspapers on sermon reporting and his statement that it is necessary to verify Scriptural texts are not without interest. Possibly there is a text for a sermon not preached by the preachers in the following paragraph:

Reporters are invariably welcomed to American churches, for American preachers seem fully alive to the value of the advertisement obtained through newspaper notices. Some preachers even maintain their own "press agent" in order to secure the utmost publicity for the occasionally brilliant and, it may be, eccentric statements which they deliver. In English churches the reporter is only admitted on sufferance. Under an ancient law, which has never been repealed, the taking of shorthand notes of sermons is a misdemeanor characterized as "brawling" and punishable by imprisonment. In a few American churches special desks are available for reporters. They are, in any case, treated with the utmost courtesy by the ushers and provided with seats immediately below the pulpit. On a rare occasion in a crowded church a reporter has been allowed to seat himself on the pulpit steps, and on one extraordinary occasion it is recorded that a stenographer was concealed within the pulpit itself.

RABBITS AS FOOD.

Be Sure They Are Young and Then Cook Them With Onions.

Conies, the parent rabbits, were long considered as indigestible, provocative of melancholy—a black meat, breeding nightmares—but young rabbits have long been approved by thoughtful eaters. They were once eaten very young, and Topsell protested quaintly against the practice of cutting them out of the mother: "I trust there is no man among Christians so inhumanely gluttonous as once to devise or approve the sweetness of so foul a dish." Tame conies are not so good as the wild ones, for every creature doth partake in taste of the air wherein he liveth, and the air of the rabbit warren is not favorable.

The hare was praised extravagantly by Horace and Martial, and Apicius gave many recipes for dressing it, but the rabbit was not much esteemed among the Greeks and Romans. Today there are many ways of cooking the latter—brown or white fricassee, young rabbit in curl papers, croquettes, fillets, gelatin, gratin, rabbit pie, pudding, soup, scallops, mince of rabbit au fumet, rabbits a la venitienne, white gibelots, turban of fillets, kickshaws with Italian sauce, and, best of all—how the savor arises as we write!—rabbits and onions. But the rabbits must be young—those whom the gods love eat them young.—Boston Herald.

A DOG IS ALWAYS HONEST.

He Can't Growl and Wag His Tail at the Same Time.

"There is one peculiar thing about dogs," remarked a well known local fancier and huntsman, and that is you never saw one pant and wag his tail at the same time. A dog is not capable of a double emotion. He can't growl and wag his tail at the same time, for it is impossible for him to be mad at one end and glad at the other.

"If a dog is glad to see his master he will bark and wag his tail. If he wants to get into the house he will paw at the door, whine and wag his tail, but they are all symptoms of one and the same emotion. But if his master opens the door he will cease to show anxiety immediately by whining and will show pleasure only by the wagging of his tail.

"In order to get a man's temper one must watch his eyes, but for a dog's you have to watch his tail. The dog is likewise incapable of deceit, and hence he is nothing of a politician. He deceives no one, not even his master. If he is overjoyed every emotion is indicative of that fact, and his whole makeup gives ample testimony to it. If he is displeased or angered it is the same way."—Houston Post.

The Same Thing.

"What makes you think you have great business ability?" laughed the successful business man. "Why, you've never made a dollar!"

"But you forget, dear," replied his energetic wife, "that I made you!"—Detroit Free Press.

Playing Indian.

Mamma—Playing Indian is so rough. Why are you crying? Have they been scalping you again? Spotted Panther, alias Willie—No, mamma. We have been smoking the pipe of peace.—Stray Stories.

He Saw It.

"Yes, she's pretty, but a poor conversationalist. She seldom says a word. I can't understand why so many men propose to her."

"I can," sighed Henpeck.—Houston Post.